

The Historie

Falstaffe, kinde Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant Iacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as he is olde Iacke Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harries companie, banish not him thy Harries companie, banish plumpe Iacke, and banish all the world.

Prin. I, do, I will.

Enter Bardoll running.

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most monstrous watch, is at the doore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Hostesse.

Host. O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh, the diuel rides vpon a fiddle sticke, what's the matter?

Host. The Sherife and al the watch are at the doore, they are come to search the house, shall I let them in?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare, Hal? neuer call a true piece of golde a counterfeit, thou art essentially made without seeming so.

Prince. And thou, a naturall coward without instinct.

Fal. I deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sherife so, if not, let him enter, If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a halter as another.

Prin. Go, hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue: now my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now, master Sherife, what is your will with me?

She. First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prin. What men?

She. One of them is well knowen, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

Prin. The man, I do assure you is not here, For I my selfe at this time haue imploid him;

And

of Henry the

And Sherife, I will ingage my word
That will by to morrow dinne
Send him to answere thee or an
For any thing he shall be charged
And so let me intreat you leaue

She. I will, my Lord: there a
Haue, in this robbery, lost 300

Prin. It may be so: if he haue
He shall be answerable: and so for

She. God night, my noble Lord

Prin. I thinke it is god morrow

She. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke

Prin. This oylie rascal is knowne
him forth.

Peto. Falstaffe? fast asleepe like
like a horse.

Pri. Harke, how hard he fetters

He searches his pocket, and

Prin. What hast thou found

Pet. Nothing but papers, my Lord

Prin. Let's see what they be

Item, a capon.

Item, sawce.

Item, sacke, two gallons.

Item, anchaues and sacke after

Item, bread.

O monstrous! but one halfe

able deale of sack? what there

more aduantage: there let him

the morning. We must all to the

honorable. Ile procure this fat

know his death wil be a march

be paid backe againe with a du

the morning, and so good mor

Peto. Good morrow, good

Enter Hotspur, Worcester

Owen

Mer. These promises are f